

JOHN B. SAYWARD, Editor.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1841.

Festival of the Maine Charitable Mechanic Association.

The Portland Mechanics had a splendid festival in that city on Friday last, by a procession with appropriate banners and mottoes, religious services with an address, and a public dinner. In the ceremonies of the day the women appropriately united in the procession, graced the public table, and joined in the glee and song. The oration of Mr. Winslow is spoken of as a clear, practical performance, well suited to the occasion.

The arrangements for bringing out the various talent of the Association at the table were well conceived and highly successful. After the announcement of each insect, the member appointed by the class complimented, responded in a speech and concluded with a sentiment.

We select a few of the toasts and replies, almost at random, as a specimen of the ability with which this part of the business was conducted, and as furnishing a portion of interesting matter.

Howeights. The work of our brother chips in the splendid edifices of the present day, compared with the wigwag of the savage, shows the advanced state of society; may their improvement in moral and intellectual building be distinctly marked.

By Peter Mugford. The descendants of the Ancient Britons present although they are not all builders of earthly dwellings it is hoped that while they greatly improve intellectually, they will also so morally build as to assimilate into the image of that great Architect who lays the beams of his chambers in the waters, so much so that they may be prepared not only to be useful and happy here, but for that habitation whose maker and builder is God.

Masons, Plasterers, Brick Makers, and Stonemasons. Our brethren of this class furnish us with buildings of the most durable materials; may their moral influence stand monuments as lasting and beneficial.

By Joseph Poland. The Officers and Members of the Association may the motto we build with, be tempered with wisdom, cemented with brotherly love, each built on the sure foundation, and each possessing an interest in the chief corner stone.

Blacksmiths. With strong arms and stout hearts, may they in every good work, strike while the iron is hot, and so temper their hands as never to become the tools of others, or forge any chains for themselves, but those of brotherly love.

By Charles Staples. Mechanics may we with a correct education as with a bellows, blow upon the kindling energies of our minds until they become a mighty flame, which shall consume all false opinions, and light us on to that elevated station designed us by the Creator.

Cabinet Makers, Chair Makers, Organ Builders, Piano Forte Makers, Turners and Plane Makers. May they never become dissatisfied with their appointments, and wish to "break up the cabinet," loathe a good business and desire the Chair of State; get out of tune by slighting their work; turn themselves out of employment by unfaithfulness; or neglect to plane the rough places in their lives, if any there be, smooth.

By Calvin Edwards. The Citizens of Portland, may their patriotism and pride, prevent the dissolution of the Cabinet Makers; may they have self respect enough to sustain their Chair Makers; harmony enough of soul, candor enough of heart, to appreciate good tone and touch when produced in their own city not to turn with indifference or disgust from Plane matters of fact, and by their custom enable them to arrive to that eminence which they so much deserve.

Coppers. May they never like empty barrels be known only by the noise they make; but collect that as their casks to be useful must be filled, so must their minds else they will not answer the purposes for which their maker designed them.

By Henry B. Fernald. M. C. M. Association. May the members follow the example of their predecessors, its founders, naming their minds well filled with useful knowledge, being bound together in the hoops of love, and when at last death shall sever those bands, may they be raised in a new and more beautiful form to appear in the presence of their great Creator.

Tailors. The cackling of a goose once saved Rome—the rapid flight of the Tailors' goose not only supplies their wants, but "puts money in their pockets," and as the trade consists in making the outer man, may they, faithful as the needle to the pole, not forget to clothe the inner man after the pattern of their maker, and have such an understanding with each other as not to be sponged by the gentle loafers of the day.

By Charles Baker. The "Genieel Loafers," who has sponged his tailors of the rich trimmings, which decorate his outer man. He deserves the contempt of all honorable and high-minded men, and should be made to feel their kicks and cuffs, until his "inner man" be made to sing and sign like a hot goose.

Printers, Book Binders, and Paper Makers. Although we had books and paper before the art of printing, they were extremely scarce; but since its discovery, the Arts, Sciences and Literature have been dispensed, as if a new sun had been created, bearing its beams of light to every mind. May the first never justify one line of matter that "saying they would not wish to blot" the second never fold a sheet or hand a book that would oppress the purest mind and the last never fail to keep them well stocked with good paper.

By Arthur Shirley. The several classes of Mechanics composing this Association having been aided by their skill and enterprise in advancing the Art of Printing to its present state of perfection, may those who wield this mighty Levee possess sound minds and pure hearts regarding the greatest good of the greatest number—emit a pure light—that, like a little leaven it may leaven the whole lump, and all our brethren partake largely of its benefits.

Butchers, Tanners, Curriers, Soap Boilers, and Tallow Chandlers. They all try to make the "Cattle" low fall, "Cattle" for the "Beast" some assist in defending us from the inclemency of the weather, some labor to affect our purification, and others to bring light out of darkness. May they never fill innocence; fall into the pit of unquity; carry favor with demagogues; frame any weak lies to cover their shame; nor mould themselves to deeds that will not bear the light of day.

By Elbridge Toby. The Orator of the day. We have long known him as a skilful caterer for our physical wants and he has shown us this day, that he is well skilled in selecting good food for our intellectual appetites, may he always

enjoy physically, morally, and intellectually, "a feast of fat things full of marrow." **Saddlers, Harness Makers, Carriage Builders, and Saddle Makers.** May they never be saddled with bad debts, or harnessed to evil habits; but may their carriages ever be so upright that the shafts of malice will not harm them, and may they, like the independent husbandman at his plough, stand erect, as created by Deity.

More about Ship Building.

In our notice, a few days since, on ship-building in Maine, we omitted to mention a fine bark nearly completed, just opposite this city, on the Brewer side, at the ship-yard of the Messrs. Holyoke. She is an elegant modeled and wellbuilt vessel, and is to be launched on Saturday next. We also learn that a large and splendid ship is building at Robbinston, in the eastern part of the State.

We have been favored with the first number of the MASSACHUSETTS FLOUGHMAN, a new Agricultural paper to be published weekly, under the editorial care of Mr. Wm. Buckminster, late of the Boston Cultivator. It is a good paper. There are now some five or six agricultural periodicals in Boston, and the farmers of the Old Bay State need not suffer for want of moral food.

The Farenwell Concert of the Rainer Family. Those charming Tyrolean singers, the Rainer family, on their return from a successful eastern visit, have given two Concerts to the great delight of our citizens. They give their farewell concert this evening at the City Hall, and it is probably the last opportunity we shall have to listen to this truly interesting family.

We have unfortunately mislaid a well written communication on military matters, with the signature "A." If the author will favor us with a copy, or another article upon the same subject, we shall be prepared to give it an early insertion.

Professor Espy is to deliver a course of Lectures before the Mechanic's Association, in Portland.

Position of the Whig Party.

Every politician of a dozen years' standing can affirm the truth of the following remarks from the *Clarendon Eagle*: "After a presidential contest like the last, the victorious party always settles down into a calm, while the defeated is sure to rally. It was so with the Jackson and Anti-Jackson parties in 1822 '32. The whigs after the presidential elections in those years, carried the local elections almost everywhere, and began to count in advance upon an easy victory four years ahead. How they were disappointed need not be told. A similar apathy among the victorious whigs has followed the last great contest, and certainly, we do not regard it of itself as an unfavorable augury for the future triumphs of the whig party. What effect other matters now in operation may have in deepening that apathy into distrust and inaction, is another matter, of which we shall have something to say hereafter."

The Western Rail Road was to have been opened yesterday through its whole length, from this town to the west line of the State. The rails were laid last week, through the deep cut, the last remaining section of the road. At the State line it connects with the Berkshire and Hudson Rail Road, so that the cars will now run through from Boston to Hudson, in about ten hours. The road from the State line to Albany will be complete in about two months. *Worcester Spy.*

From the Girl.

Isabel's Bride.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Preparations were immediately commenced for celebrating the nuptials in a style of unwonted magnificence. Invitations to a very large number of friends were issued three weeks before the evening appointed for the wedding, and all that money could procure of rich and rare was put in requisition for the occasion. I was selected for one of the bridesmaids, and Isabel presented us with our dresses, which were of white brocade, embroidered with silver roses. During the short time which elapsed previous to the marriage, Isabel exhibited an almost child-like joy, which called forth the censure of those who considered such exultation as unwomanly and indecorous. But the conduct of Colonel Morton was perfectly inexplicable. His moody and restless manner was ill suited to a bridegroom, and once or twice I caught his eye fixed upon Isabel with an expression of such dark magnificence as made me shudder.

One evening we were gathered round a cheering fire, and Colonel Morton, at Isabel's request, had taken his guitar, when, as he stooped over his instrument in the act of tuning it, his vest fell partly open and a slender black chain, which he wore about his neck, became entangled in the strings. Not perceiving it, he raised himself suddenly, and by this movement drew from its concealment a small miniature, which was attached to the chain. He at first seemed discomposed, and was about to replace the picture hastily, but upon hearing Isabel's exclamation of surprise, he turned and held it towards her.

With a trepidation strangely in contrast with her former composure, Isabel eagerly grasped the picture. It was the face of a delicate woman, with little beauty, but great sweetness of expression, and as I gazed on it, the features seemed not unfamiliar to me. With a merry jest I looked up to demand the name of her whose image thus lay upon the bosom of a bridegroom, but as I did so, I caught a glimpse of the same dark revengeful expression in his countenance, as his eye fastened with serpent-like fascination upon his bride. Isabel's lip quivered as she returned the picture, and faintly repeated my question.

It is the image of one whom I have loved passionately; of one who is now an angel in heaven. "Of my wife!"

"Your wife!" exclaimed Isabel. "Yes, my fair Isabel," said he, while a sneer passed over his lip with the rapidity of lightning, "had you asked me of my past life, you would have learned that when you were but a babe in the cradle, I was a husband and a father."

Isabel started, but strove to smile as she replied, "I am older than you suppose, Walter; you could scarcely have been wedded so many years ago, or else time has forgotten to trace his characters upon your brow."

Morton smiled gloomily as he said, "I shall tell you of my past history, Isabel. I shall tell you how I learned something of him to whom you have pledged your faith, though prudence would have dictated that such knowledge should have preceded your promise."

There was a half concealed stream in this

remark, which cut Isabel to the soul, but she only shuddered and was silent. Colonel Morton, fixing his eye upon her agitated countenance, resumed:

"I know what you read upon my brow, Isabel, but it is certainly forty five years since I first beheld the light of day. I was born in a wigwag, my father was a Canadian fur trader, my mother an Indian."

At these words both Isabel and myself gave an involuntary start, which could not escape his notice.

"Yes," he continued, "the blood of the red man, the first possessor of the soil, runs in my veins, and I am prouder of that, little to native nobility, than if, like my gentle bride, I could trace my descent from one of the great Norman robbers. My father sent me to Paris for my education, but I soon wearied of books and sought to study men. A life of adventure such as rarely falls to the lot of an individual in modern times has been mine. I married when scarcely more than a mere boy, and my wife and son lived in luxury and splendor on a rich estate in one of the West Indian islands, while I—"

"My mother," this is not the time to speak of my course of life. My wife and son are both gone to a better world; I am now a lone and solitary man, but there is a debt due me which you, my gentle bride, must pay. His eye glared fiercely upon her as he spoke, but when Isabel raised her beautiful eyes to his face, he banished all trace of the emotion as by a single effort, and with the words, "I have loved you ever since I first beheld you," he told me, Isabel, said he, after a pause, "you still willing to wed the stranger, who, for the tint of Indian blood in his veins, and, for how you know, the stamp of Cain upon his brow?"

Walter Morton, replied Isabel, solemnly, as she stooped her lips to his broad forehead, "if the brand of Cain were written upon that brow in characters of blood, I would not believe your crimes had stamped it there."

For a moment Morton seemed touched and softened. "Come, my Isabel," said he, "we are growing too serious; let us seek a gayier theme. Tell me of your early days; did you never meet with one whom you once loved even as you now love Walter Morton?"

"Never."

"If this little cabinet of yours could be unsealed, Isabel, would it not tell some tale of love's vows?" asked Morton as he laid his hand on her writing desk.

"Look for yourself, Walter," said Isabel, smiling, as she touched a spring and opened the desk. Glad that the conversation had taken a gay turn, I placed the cabinet on the table, and insisted that Isabel should examine and burn her love tokens in the presence of her lover. With a gay laugh she consented, and as we tossed over many a letter which contained the genuine outpourings of affection, Isabel sketched many an amusing picture of the writers. We had already given many to the flames, when Col. Morton took up a bundle of papers tied together and labelled "Poetry." They were the verses of the unfortunate Ernest Leclerc, and fearing lest the painful story should be revived, I hurriedly threw them into Isabel's lap, but not before Morton had seen the hand writing. As Isabel flung them into the blazing pile, Morton dashed forward and caught and vexed, Isabel strove to obtain them, but he was as resolute in retaining possession, until, dreading to excite his curiosity by her parent's sight, to conceal them, Isabel promised to read them aloud if he would return them. Morton accordingly placed the scorched papers upon the table, and Isabel, drawing one from the parcel, commenced reading. But anxious to disarm Col. Morton of any suspicions to which her anxiety to secure the papers might have given rise, she paused and drew a most ludicrous picture of her poetical lover. She depicted his timidity, his awkwardness, his exaggerated sentiment, his morbid sensibility; and while reading the poem, which happened to be his lament for his mother, she mimicked his nervous gestures and peculiar tone of voice. Shocked at her cruel mockery of the dead, I had not thought of Colonel Morton, but when I looked towards him, the expression of his countenance was almost demonic. Putting his handkerchief to his lip, which was bleeding profusely, for he had almost bitten it through, he pleaded sudden illness and withdrew, but the papers disappeared with him.

On the night appointed for the wedding a large and brilliant party was assembled. The apartments were decorated in a style of unparalleled magnificence, and every thing displayed the union of wealth and taste. The clergyman who was to officiate on the occasion was already in waiting, the bride and bridesmaids were attired in their costly array, the groomsmen had joined us in the ante-room, and nothing was wanting to complete the arrangements but the presence of the bridegroom.

The hour appointed for the marriage was seven o'clock, but minute after minute passed, and still Col. Morton did not appear. Eight o'clock came, and then the groomsmen sprang into a carriage and set off in search of him, while the minds of all present were filled with the most painful apprehensions. Isabel was almost wild with terror. Her death she said would alone remain, and she sat with clasped hands and dilated eye listening to every foot-fall. At length a carriage was heard driving at full speed to the door, and the next moment Col. Morton entered the apartment. Overcome by her agitation, Isabel sprang forward and threw herself into his arms. Disregarding himself from her heated breath to a seat, and while we stood in speechless wonder, he walked to the door, and locked it; then returning to his trembling bride, he looked down upon her with an expression I shall never forget as he exclaimed: "Isabel Athelstan, my revenge is complete! Your love me even now; you would forgive the shame I have put upon you, and wed your laggard lover. Yes, my debt is paid, and I leave to a life of lingering wretchedness her who doomed to the grave of a suicide my beloved son! Listen to me!" continued he, as with a wild cry Isabel started from her seat, "woman, listen to me! He whom your cruelty murdered was my son, the offspring of the only pure affection that ever filled my heart—the child of my love, worshipped even as was his mother in the midst of crime. From the pollution of my own dark life I rescued them. They never knew whence came the wealth which afforded them luxuries for which princes might seek in vain; they knew not why the husband and father left so off his home of peace and splendor. My wife perished beneath the blighting touch of disease, and I laid her in the grave sadly but uncomplainingly; but when my son was stricken down in the midst of his young hopes, I swore to be revenged on his murderers. Isabel, I could have pitied you had you shown one womanly feeling or pitying tenderness towards his memory, I could have pitied you; but no! you mocked him whom you had slain! Now go, and tell your brilliant assemblage that Isabel Athelstan, the proud, beautiful, the high-born Isabel Athelstan, plighted her faith to Antoine Leclerc, the buccanier! and was spurned like a reptile from his path!"

As he uttered these fearful words he strode away, and our cries could summon assistance he had made good his retreat. The whole house was, of course, a scene of confusion. Isabel was

in strong hysterics, and were too much overcome by the shock we had received, to make much discretion in our details of the catastrophe. Before the next morning the whole town rang with the tale, and while Isabel lay between life and death, the story of her unprincipled coquetry and its fearful retribution was in the mouth of every one.

Col. Morton, or rather Capt. Leclerc, was never again seen in New York, but his black flag was long the terror of West India traders, and many an ill-fated ship vanished in flame from the waters over which his bloodstained bark careered.

What became of Isabel? you ask. She never again appeared in society. Bowed down by shame and sorrow, outraged in her pride as well as her affections, she took refuge in a distant country town, and in strict retirement endeavored to conceal her disgrace. But it was not until time had destroyed her matchless beauty, and raised up another generation, to whom the events of her youth were but as legends of olden days, that she could feel herself free from the brand which stamped her fair brow with shame, or forget the blight which had fallen upon her young heart.

A young gentleman in Connecticut was courted by a lady of the same State, she was a total teetotal, he drank wine on Scripture authority. Amongst other quotations to sustain himself, was this "and wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine."—When the young gentleman next called upon his beloved, he found her face shining brilliantly with a good coat of oil! He was of course greatly astonished, but she told him her authority, and the lesson was sufficient.

By This Morning's Mail.

Georgia Election.

1841.	1840.	1840.	1840.
Whig.	Opp.	Whig.	V. B.
Dawson.	McDonald.		
Richmond, 726	372	896	498
Chatham, 608	567	560	678
Ellingham, 130	57		
Bryan, 11 maj.		89	34
Morgan, 425	380	483	320
Jefferson, 417	120	439	35
Palmer, 333	350	331	320
2690	1780	2673	1967
1780		1967	

These returns indicate the election of Dawson over McDonald, the present Governor. In Chatham County, where Savannah is, the Whigs gained 4 members of the Legislature. It is the first time the Whigs have carried the county for 8 or 10 years.

Trial of McLeod.

The editor of the New York Tribune in writing from Utica on Saturday morning, remarks: "The case of McLeod is virtually decided. He will be acquitted by the Jury, probably without leaving their seats. The proof of an abridgement of the evidence is irresistible. It was shown that he was not in either of the boats which set out to destroy the Caroline, was not seen by either of the commanders during that expedition or on the beach before it started or after its return. It was then shown by Mr. Press that he took McLeod the preceding about 7 o'clock to Lieut. Morrison's at Stamford, six miles distant; by Lieut. Morrison, his wife, son and daughter, that he came there before 8 o'clock, sat up till after 12 o'clock in the parlor, that his boots were set out by the kitchen fire in the evening, and were there dry next morning, and that Col. Cameron called that morning and told them that Caroline had been sent over the falls during the preceding night, showing a piece of her, and that Lieut. M. ran up and told McLeod, who was still in the parlor, half dressed, and who exclaimed, 'I wish to God I had been there!' It was then shown that he rode off toward Chippewa, met Judge McLean and Dr. Foster near the Falls and was recognized by them; fell in with Mr. Gilkison, rode up with him through Chippewa and along past Navy Island, were fired at with cannon, a soldier picked up the ball, gave it to McLeod, who carried it off, and showed it that afternoon in passing Lieut. Morrison's house, on his way down to Niagara. There were some discrepancies, but I think they cannot fracture the chain of evidence presented."

Tremendous Storm. A hail storm occurred in Utica on Saturday afternoon, or such tremendous violence as to suspend the proceedings of the Court during its continuance. Indications of a severe shower began to exhibit themselves from the east, between 2 and 3 P. M., and in the space of half an hour the entire horizon changed its complexion, from brilliant sunshine to the darkness of the blackest thunder cloud. After a preliminary flash of lightning or two, "the windows of heaven opened," and then descended such a fall of hail as was indeed serious to look upon. Not a stone fell that was not as large as an ordinary hickory nut, and but few exceeded that size. The almost perfect unanimity of their size was the greatest wonder about the storm; yet the tremendousness of the fall was almost frightful. In a few moments the hail abated, but in a short time the wind chopped round to the North, and another fall of hail came, leaving three or four inches of it on the ground.

Horrid Affray. On Sunday night three Irishmen in a boat near Staten Island, N. Y., much intoxicated, all got to fighting, and continued it until the death of two of them, and the other left in a cut and lacerated condition. The survivor is a light spare man, and for strength would not compare with either of the others. That he should have succeeded over the others, can only be accounted for by the probability that he was more sober than the rest. From the quantity of blood in the boat, and the cries that were made, it must have been a most bloody and desperate conflict. The survivor gave but a confused and imperfect account of the bloody tragedy. He said he fought in self-defence, and was saved by overpowering the others. He was taken to Fort Hamilton, and there placed in the dungeon to await the process of the law.

It is with great pain that we announce to-day the death of Mrs. BARBARA GERRISH, the wife of Joseph M. Gerrish, the senior partner of the publishers of this paper, and the mother-in-law of the junior partner. She died this morning, about half past 9 o'clock, aged 54 years. As a mother of a large family, as a companion of many years the ripened and busy years of life, as a sister, a friend, a neighbor, her death has made a wide and irreparable breach in all those cherished circles. We lament her loss, we sympathize in the bereavement which her husband and her children have sustained, and we are permitted to ask the indulgence of our subscribers on this melancholy occasion, if we suspend the publication of our paper on Thursday to follow our deceased friend to her last sad and silent habitation. *Portland Advertiser.*

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

New York Market, Oct. 11. *Asks.*—Wheat heard of no transactions in either description since Saturday.

Cotton. The sales on Saturday amounted to 500 bales.

Flour. The market is dull at 587 1/2 for extra Philadelphia, Oct. 9. Flour stock small; moderate demand at 6 1/2 for standard brands.

Grain. The receipts in most ports very light. Small sales of Penn at \$1 3/4 a 135 Penn. Corn \$3 in bbls 14 to 15 in blbls.

Wheat. Small sales of Penn at \$1 3/4 a 135 Penn. Corn \$3 in bbls 14 to 15 in blbls. White 55.

Rye from 63 to 65; **Oats** 44.

Richmond, Oct. 7. Wheat was held 1 20 a 12 for red and white. Corn 65 cts. Oats 42 a 44. Tobacco remains without change. Flour 100.

Cincinnati, Oct. 5. Flour had advanced consequence of a suspension on the Canals. Sales made 5 31. The river had fallen 12 inches and 1/2 foot of water between this place and Louisville.

Fredericksburg, Oct. 4. Wheat, new, sold 1 15 a 1 20.

Flour \$7 to 7 50; new mountain, 6 to 6 25; new Lowland 5 80 a 5 87.

Georgetown, D. C. market very dull, few sales of upper country flour made \$1 25. Wheat and corn continued to bring \$1 20. Prime lots \$1 25.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Old in Boston, 11th, brig Uncle Sam, Arrows Frankfort; sch Boundary, Shackford, Eastport. At Edgartown, 9th, sch Ceres, Hoytson, in Philadelphia for Bangor; Henry Clay, Foster, for Bangor.

At Newport, 9th, sch Ranger, Stowers, Bangor; sch Genoa, do; Batavia, do.

At New York, 9th, brig Sirio, Taylor, Eastport. At Warren, 7th, sch Rialto, Dwyer, Bangor. At Providence, 10th, sch June, Bangor.

PROGRAMME OF THE RAINERS' FAREWELL CONCERT.

THIS EVENING, Oct. 14, 1841, at the CITY HALL.

PART I.

1. Ranz de Vaches, National Song of Tyrol.

2. The Handsome Lassie, (in the style of a Waltz).

3. The Swiss National Song.

4. March of the Rainer Family.

PART II.

1. The Stocking Lost, (with Echo).

2. I hear them speak of my father land, *Dumproy.*

3. Straw's Waltz.

4. The German Drinking Song, (with Laughing chorus).

PART III.

1. The Swiss Boy.

2. There is no home like my own, (by desire).

3. John and Margaret, (Duett and Chorus).

4. Lizoff's Wild Chase, (Solo and Chorus).

5. Yankee Doodle, (National Song of America).

Tickets to be had at the Bookstore, and at the Bangor House, and at the door in the evening with Programme. Concert to commence at 7 o'clock precisely.

MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS.

The subscriber having a large stock of the above comprising Biographies, Histories, Travel Essays, Tales, Sermons, &c., will dispose of them at reduced prices for CASH, many of them at cost in Boston and some below cost.

This affords a good opportunity to fill up private Libraries.

E. F. DUREN, Bookseller and Stationer, Oct. 14.

LADY'S ALMANAC 1842.

ADY'S ANNUAL REGISTER & HOUSE WIFE'S ALMANAC, for sale by E. F. DUREN, Oct. 14.

VOLUME 6, SHEPLEY.

REPORTS of the Supreme Court of the State of Maine, by JON SHEPLEY, vol. 6, it being the 17th of "MAINE REPORTS." Just published, and for sale by SMITH & FENN, Oct. 14.

ROBINSON'S ALMANAC FOR 1842.

THE MAINE FARMER'S ALMANAC for 1842, by DANIEL ROBINSON, just published and for sale by the thousand, hundred, dozen, or single by SMITH & FENN, Oct. 13.

JUST RECEIVED.

AND now opening at Mrs. TUPPER'S MILLINERY Rooms, No. 16, Main street, a beautiful assortment of Fashionable BONNETS, CAPS, RIBBONS, FLOWERS, &c.

Ladies are invited to call. *dim Oct 14.*

For NEW ORLEANS, via KEY WEST AND ST. MARKS.

To sail about the 20th inst., the new and fast sailing Packet BRIG LAWRENCE, of ADAMS, Wm. W. ROGERS, Master, or calling at Hampton, having splendid accommodations. For freight or passage apply to A. W. W. F. ROGERS, Hampden, or the Master on board Hampton, Oct. 11, 1841. *dim &c.*

Mrs. DENNISON.

AS purchased in New York and Boston, the Autumn Stock of Fancy Goods, and received this morning, for Bonnets and Cap Ribbons, Silks, Linen Muslins, Linen Laces, Linen Cambrics, Delicate Linens for Ladies' use, also, Alpaccas, Cambletens, Alpaccas, Merinos, Rich Fringes, Cord and Tassels, &c. which are offered for sale at 48 Main street. *dim &c.*

LADY'S REGISTER FOR 1842.

THE Lady's Annual Register, and Household Almanac for 1842, for sale by SMITH & FENN, Oct. 12.

GET A BOOK FOR OCTOBER.

CLARK'S BANK NOTE LIST, and Counterfeit Detector, corrected up to Oct. 6, receive by SMITH & FENN, Oct. 12.

SURTOUTS

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